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## THE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL.

WHAT does it matter to us that this is a work of another nation and people? It is a work of art: and the whole world is one republic in this respect, and every artisan of that republic has and ought to have an interest in it. The American may have and has other matters and feelings to influence him that a European and an Englishman may be imperfectly cognizant of, but when so grand, so stupendous an affair is to be raised out of the resources of that art whose professors exist all over the world, whose sympathies and thoughts spring from one common source, whose laws are taken out of the one statute-book of science; when such an affair is projected, all minds more,—architects, engineers, and builders,—all are attracted to this great gravitating point, and cohere for the purpose, as it were, of sustaining it. It is thus that we have felt, and many feel on the question of the completion of that cathedral of Germany, Cologne! Men and masters and professors should make their pilgrimages there, and if this "monster" memorial should be set up in New York, like the Cathedral of Cologne, irrespective alike of their objects—the one commemorative of a Washington, the other devoted to the Catholic faith—it will command the gatherings westward, and that it may the more deserve to do so, we utter these few words in our high and central position, that they may spread thither, and be heard for the purposes and objects of a world's satisfaction.

The conception of this Washington memorial is a superb one, and it is not wanting in members and features to assort with it, but the dress and disposition should be committed to a genius of more refined and practised taste than gave birth to it. What nursing care of millinery should preside over the dressing of this giant? We trow the guardian of such a toilet is not to be met with through haphazard throws; we question whether the old and the new world hath reared between them one who is equal to it.

The idea is noble, but it is not altogether new; if it had been so, we could have trusted the brain from whence it emanated—in whose matrix it had been cast—but this cross of old and new, this hybrid taint, *maugre* many great and original conceptions, is a drawback. Towers and spires, and chambered buttresses, encumber the design, otherwise a product had been engendered and created, which, with the costume, had been new (new to us at least), like the continent in its day, on which it is designed to stand. But so it is, with its rotunda or central hall of 40 feet diameter, and 40 feet high, surrounded by its five abutting libraries, surmounted by a grand monumental rotunda, 100 feet in height, with its pompous array of state columns, and statues of Major-generals, storied over again by a third rotunda (the Academy of Arts) 80 feet high, and finally crowned by the glazed and galvanized iron spire of 194 feet, with its observatory and the "*look-out.*" But after all, bold, singular, and original in many respects, as the design is, it is imagined in somewhat of a mixed blood,—there is breeding in it, but not pure breeding—bone, sinew, and muscle—but the blood is not pure. Perhaps, however, it is too much to crave a larger measure of advance. We must go through two or three generations to restore or to create an art.

We lament that we are not in possession of more particulars than are supplied to us in a copy of the *New York Sun*, and that from the small and obscure character of the drawing, it has been impossible to do more than to render a faithful, though enlarged copy, in which there is evidently many defects and improprieties. The estimated cost of the work is four hundred thousand dollars, of which upwards of fifty thousand dollars are already subscribed. The stone has also been most liberally proffered by a large builder and quarry proprietor. The design is by Mr. Pollard, architect, of New York. With this and the Croton Aqueduct, that city may boast of the most famous works of structure in the history of these days.

## SUPPLY OF WATER TO THE METROPOLIS.

WE are entitled to resume this subject again, and to enforce our views, the more so as since our former writing it has been made the theme of some earnest articles in other periodicals, and in such a way as greatly to confirm us in our purpose. The *Athenæum* of Saturday last in particular has a powerful and clever chapter, caustic, and yet playful withal, one that we would fain quote at length, if we had space; and it is urged therein as a duty incumbent on the press generally to take the initiative, and to drill the public into *study* on this subject. This is what we felt when we invited attention to it some months back on the occasion of several serious London fires—nay, we not only invited their attention, but we insisted on it, as one in which foresight and forethought would be well exercised, and wherein apathy and neglect would be criminal. We then took the initiative, not merely on the ground of the salubrity to be obtained through the agency of a sufficient supply of pure water, but also on the almost, if not equally important one of the security of life and property in cases of fire, and there were minor yet not minute consequences besides—not unobserved—regarding the employment of artisans, the beneficial diffusion of money, the encouragement of art, and the elevating influences of a popular character derivable from it. We felt then, and still feel, that as the organ of the building fraternity, we had a right of privilege to have our first word in the business, or if not the first word in point of time,—because many words have been already expended on it,—the first word in point of weight; and we were altogether heedless, as we then observed, of any shallow and stale objections that might be urged against us, on the score of our recommendation of *leather*, for it amounted to conviction with us, that to fortify a city like London from the threatened ravages of pestilence and fire, the engineer and the builder could erect the best walls, and those *walls* we defined to be, an aqueduct for the supply; abundant tanks, elevated on the houses' tops to contain the water, and fire-proof buildings at regular intervals in every street. We waited not to "*take orders*," to have the *Athenæum* and every other vehicle of general public expression crying out as to the want of water and the want of protection; but we noted both, and prescribed a full and an efficient, a practical and a practicable remedy. The Croton Aqueduct of New York was before us, as it has since come under the notice of our contemporaries, and we wrought with some energy on that topic, shewing how that new city of a new country was outdoing this, the mistress and pride of the old, in regulations and provisions sanatory, and for its security. To be sure, as the *Athenæum* drily observes, the *yellow fever* is an aristocratic disease in the former city, and insinuates that if the *typhus* were equally so in our metropolis, it would not be long before we should emulate the New Yorkists in efforts for "self-preservation and self-purification;" this, however, is to assess our susceptibility to the influences of reason at rather too low a scale, to say nothing of our humanity. We believe the indifference to arise from a multitude of causes, but mainly from that habit of immersing themselves in business which the citizen and merchant of London follow, so that they become abstracted as it were from the consideration of many of the more important claims upon their attention, and actually tread the precipice of the most awful danger with the security of the "sleep-walker," while waking men tremble and melt with very fear. But this sleep cannot always endure; the *press* is set to bawl in the ears of the slumbering, and if it exaggerate the alarm, let the dull ear take the blame that was not otherwise to be roused. We have been found fault with for loud screeching, by some inconsiderate, who when the danger arrives, of which we report the menace, would be the first to cry out "Who'd have thought it?" Shoulder shaking, and pricking, and goading must be resorted to, if the somnambulists resist the gentler expedients. Irrationals! which is the wiser, to build your house secure from the storm, or to boast that you have timber ready for props and struts when it shall rock under the wind, or that you have laid in a store of new materials for the rebuilding, if this should be carried away? Yes, you fancy that you have done wisely in the embodying of an army of the faculty to extinguish disease when it should ravage, and of firemen to extinguish fire when it rages, while the grand preventive resource, an abundant and constant supply of water, with fire-proof blocks of building, would put you upon the gain of all this, and in next to perfect security. Life, and limb, and property are the sacrifices you vainly make at the altar of Ease, and the idol is not yet propitiated. Security is the true goddess whom you should invoke; her worship is pleasant and profitable in the act, in its ending, and its following.

What do the bills of mortality reveal? Why that in this London alone, every ten or twelve minutes, one human being is passing from the stage of life to be consigned to the dust of his origin. This, however, is not strange in the sense of our using it, but to append to this note of fact the inquiry,—how many are being borne off on the wings of the GHOST of foul air and filth? How many, while we read, are being saluted by the impure lips of these ministers of disease and death? whence issue, and where have these fatal missionaries their strongholds? Where, and how many their temples? built out of our lavish contributions, on sites assigned to them at our willing, by free deed of gift, where baleful atmospheres are maintained and from whence poisonous exhalations are sent forth,—in short, let us ask ourselves, how many nests of disease do we privilege in our city, that a broad stream of pure water would not wash away, to be lost in the wide ocean of innocuous gatherings? Let us ask this, and though we may not reduce our mortality bills, we may render a cleaner "bill of health," and raise the standard of the duration of life in London to a scale more consistent with its pride of intellect, and its boast of benevolent self-consideration.

Plague and pestilence may come, though the

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